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Herne

Anon

Now sit ye down,
And I'll tell a tale,
As strange as any told;
Of a Lady of the Yorkshire Moor,
Where the morning mist lays cold.
Her wits had left Her long ago,
There was madness in Her eyes.
Though She spoke to none,
Some days at dawn,
You could hear Her laughing cries.

The Hunter and The Hunted,
You wear a thin disguise,
The Moon rides o'er Your shoulder,
But the Sun shines from Your eyes.
I cannot look upon You.
I cannot look away.
But I hear the sound of the Hunter's Horn,
That greets the dawning day.
Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

She built Her cottage years ago,
And She lived there all alone.
She was the only living soul,
Who would call the Moor Her home.
For tales were told of many,
Who had vanished in the dawn.
And of madmen who had heard the cries,
Of Herne, The Hunter's Horn.

The Lady too had heard the tales,
But She could never fear.
The Horned God who filled Her dreams,
When She heard Him riding near.
And then one night Her longing eyes,
Saw a figure tall and grim.
Like a shadow glimpsed in the misty night,
And She sang Her song to Him.

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He rode His horse up to the door,
And She bade Him enter there.
But He simply smiled and reached to lay,
His hand upon Her Hair.
"My Lady I have ridden here,
in answer to Your call.
But I'll not sit under any roof,
Nor drink in any hall."

"You sing to Me of Your desire,
But You must understand.
My heart belongs to the Silver Moon,
And the Wild Deserted Land.
How can You give Your love to one,
You never can posses?
Or sacrifice Your sanity,
For a wild ride and kiss?"

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The Lady said;
"I hear Your words,
But how can I explain?

How a simple touch can bring Me joy,
In spite of all the pain?
Be it love or be it madness,
I have no will to fight.
This Inner Fire that bids Me go
And ride with You tonight."

The Hunter smiled and said to Her;
"Your pain I understand,
For I have chased the sailing Moon.
And have loved the Barren Land,
I cannot give My heart to You,
But I'll give You what I may.
So take My hand and We'll,
Ride the Moor until the break of day."

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Now many years have been and gone,
Since She rode the Misty Plain.
She never choose to leave the Moor,
And She never spoke again.
But it's said by some,
When the night is done,
And the Moor is shroud in grey;
You can hear Her laugh,
With the Hunter's Horn,
At the dawning of the day.

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